the Mississippi methods of bear hunting, "and if you can sit a horse well, and don't mind taking the very imminert risk of being hanged by some pendent vine, or knocked in the head some tree limb that overhangs the trail at the proper height to do the knocking if you're not watching out, as your horse sweeps along through the tangled maze of a Mississical bear bunt, over fallen trees and matted stacks of prostrate cane brakes, you can't have more exciting and thrilling sport than to go down there and follow a yelping, quivering, keennosed pack of dogs on a mount that knows just what that pack is yelping after, and slashes ahead through or over anything, bound to get you there against the time the dogs bring the quarry to bay. But you had better not put off your visit to those Mississippi forests too long, or you won't find any of them to hunt bear in. The ravenous and insatiable sawmill has been for years eating them up, and is increasing in numbers and capacity every day. The gigantic oaks that are the predominating growth of the great wilderness are falling before the lumberman by the thous-ands daily, and five years is the time experis have fixed as the limit of their existence. White oak trees whose stems of enormous girth rise ciahty feet clear without the suspicion of a limb or a knot, are by no means a rarity. And what do you think they are doing with this magnificent timber? Sawing is up into stumpy lengths and splitting the lengths into barrel staves. Railroads are ouilt from the mills into the depths of the forests as the trees fall before the choppers, and their remotest interiors are thus made accessible, when otherwise the timber could not possibly be removed with profit to the operator. So the oak

"Oak is not the only timber, though, that nesses. Hickory and other hard woods abound. and the pecan nut tree is plentiful. It is the acorns, the bickery and pecan nuts, and other mast that make the forests a paradise for bear. He loves the sweet, rich, and nutritious meats of these puts, and waxes and grows fat on them. Think of bear meat fattened and faone say that he doesn't like 'ear meat, I know that the bear meat he has tasted wasn't Mississippi bear meat, for that is sweet, julcy, tender, well flavored, delicious, "The Mississippi bear doesn't hibernate. He

doesn't have to. This is perhaps not so well for the person who covets the skin and fur of the bear rather than its flesh, for the southers bear, not having the necessity of existing during four or five months of rigorous weather, his pelt has not that thick, soft, woolly ceating over the skin at the roots of the long hair that is part of the outside protection of his Northprother. Nevertheless, the Mississip, ! bear's fur is black, glossy, full, and firm, and ss handsome as the Northern bear's. Somehow it does not seem to have yet occurred to the Mississippi hunters, and trappers that a bear skin with the head and claws on is something that any one purchasing a bear's skin would care for. They chop the head and feet off. In that shape they get from \$7 to \$10 for a skin, according to its size and condition. 'Perhaps the best region to go to if you are after Mississippi bear is that part of the bear country of which Morehead City is the centre. Morehead City is a big sawmill or two, and the population necessary to their operation. It s in the widest part of the rich alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi Valley. I have heard of and known soil that required years of cultivation and enriching before it could be said to be satisfactorily productive, but I never heard of soil that required years of cultivation to so exhaust its fertility that it could be brought within the bounds of profitable production until I went to Morehead City. The soil all through that part of the valley is posi-

tively so over-stimulated with rich alluvial deposits that on a virgin plantation the growth of crops cannot be controlled under five years of successive planting. By that time enough of the richness has been absorbed to enable the planter to hope to gather; a crop and even then the cotton plants become as big as Long Island scrub oaks, and the corn brakes those bottoms grow! There are boundless stretches of them, the brakes standing from twenty-five to sixty feet high, and growing in impenetrable ranks. But within their depths the bear makes his home and rears his young, with the bordering forest in which to feed and roam and grow fat and savage. "Holt Collier, the king of Mississippi bear hunters, lives at Morehead City. Collier is a colored man, between fifty and sixty years old, and has a history. He enjoys the disfinction of having been the only regularly en-

listed colored soldier in the Confederate service. If this fact had been known during the war, the prolonged horrors of Andersonville and Libby would not be among the sickening ates refused to recognize colored troops or soldiers, and therefore would not consent to exchange such prisoners taken in battle for Confederate prisoners held by the Union forces. The Union Generals refused to exchange Confederate prisoners unless colored prisoners were surrendered for them as an equality. The Confederate authorities declared that they did not enlist colored men in their armies, because they regarded them as property, the the same way, and would not ask them to be exchanged if taken prisoners by the Union forces, any more than they would ask that horses or cattle be exchanged. Therefore, they would not recognize the right of colored men la the Union army as soldiers or to exchange. Long investigation was made by our exchange commissioners to find some instance, if possible, where the right of colored men to be soldiers had been recognized by the South by enlisting any of them, in which case the contention of the Confederates would fall, and they would be compelled to accord the same right to colored men in the North and exchange their colored prisoners. The search was in vain. The Union authorities refusing to recede from their position, to exchanges were made at all, and the thousands of Union prisoners at Andersonville and Libby were forced to remain there, victims of a principle. Yet all this time Holt Collier was serving in a Mississippi regiment, regularly enlisted and accredited, as the records will show. His case was the only one of the kind in the entire Confederate army, and if he had been discovered opportunely, what untold misery he could have prevented, and how many thousands of lives he could have saved!

"Any sportsman who braves the intricacies and the many risks of the brakes and bayous and tangled forests of the Morehea! City region with Holt Collier as guide may be sure that he will not only come out safe, but also fetch bear a-plenty out with him. Holt has horses, trained for bear and dogs trained for bear to suit any emergency. Any one who imagines a bear dog to be a big, flerce-looking, powerful animal would be disappointed at sight of Holt Collier's bear dogs. They are merely well-bred foxhounds, meek and despondent looking, for before they graduate as bear dogs they have had every other hunting instinct entirely subordinated, if not destroyed altogether. This is accomplished by a heavy dog whip, if one is handy, or by a club, if that is the more convenient. One day I saw Holt belabering a young member of his pack unmercifully. He finished the chastisement in the course of a minute or two, and I said to Holt:

"What in the world has the poor dog done?"

"What have he done, sah?" replied Heit.

"Why y,s'day tat fool dawg he cone jump a cat, he did, an' I jes' natch'ly pour him mos crary fo' dat. Den to-day he done lump a deah, sah, an' now I guess he minuit to his dyin' day. Dat's what dat fool dawg ben doin, sah. If he doan git it troe his head now dat he ain't no cat dawg, nor no deah dawg, but jes' bah dawg, den I l'arn him some mo' wiv de gad, sah."

"Holt had simply been proceeding with the fetch bear a-plenty out with him. Holt has

MISSISSIPPI BEAR HUNTS.

EXCITING SPORT IN OAK FORESTS
AND DENSE CANE BRAKES.

Mornes as Well as Dogs Trained for the Chase-Its Hinks and Dangers-Holt Collier, the King of Bear Hunters—Two Thrilling Days on the Train of Them.

"Down in Mississippi they train their horses as well as their dogs to hunt bears," said a New York sportsman who has had experience in the Mississippi methods of hear hunting, "and their horse as well as their dogs to hunt bears," said a New York sportsman who has had experience in the Mississippi methods of hear hunting, "and their horse as well as their dogs to hunt bears," said a New York sportsman who has had experience in the Mississippi methods of hear hunting, "and their horse as well as their dogs to hunt bears," said a New York sportsman who has had experience in the Mississippi methods of hear hunting, "and their hunters are clusterior. A dog whisped the care in the deer trail, leaving the bear track, and going of to jump the cat or the deer trail, leaving the bear track, and going of to jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the parline of the Mississippi hunters. This inclination to wander from the bear trail must be destroyed, and instant discipline with the whip or club is the only thing that will do it. A dog whipped two or three times for jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the parline of the Mississippi hunters. This inclination to wander from the bear trail, leaving the parline of the Mississippi hunters. This inclination to wander from the bear trail, leaving the bear track, and going off to jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the bear track, and going off to jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the bear track, and going off to jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the bear track, and going off to jump the cat or the deer, as starting those animals is called in the bear track, and going off to jump the cat or the deer, as starting th

for miles.

The first time I went bear hunting with Holt Collier he took eighteen of his dogs along to rout old bruin out and drive him to tree or stop him somewhere on the trail.

"We'll go down to my camp on Bah creek."

stop him somewhere on the trail.

"We'll go down to my camp on Bah creek.'
said Hoit.

"Hoit's camp on Bear Creek is eight miles
from Morehead City-four miles along Morehead Bayov, and then four miles along the
eigres of gigantic came brakes. We found
Hoit's camp to be a little tent made of muslin.

"Plenty bie enough fo' bah huntahs, sah.'
said Holt. 'Tain't room dat bah huntahs
wants, sah. Kerridge an' grit, dat's what
bah huntans wants.

"We started out from camp after bears in
the morning. Of his eighteen dogs Holt
jurned two favorites, Rover and Sally, loose
in the forest, to find the bear track and give
the signal. The rest of the nack were kept
in at the heel until they should get word to
loin their leaders in the chase. Half an hour
we followed through that virgin wilderness,
dodging the thick festooning of supple Jack—a
vine that dangles from the trees in threatening
loope and kinks and twists, all of which the bearhunting horses are trained to avoid, and most
amazingly do they do it; rissed and raked by
jabbing thorn trees and vindictive briars;
doundering through sloughs, and stumping and
thumping over myriads of fallen trees. Then a
single deep-throated bay came, wateed on the
after from the dense depths of the great belt
of skirting came. Holt, who had been sitting
his borse in a slouching, listless way, instantly straightened up in his saddle, his black face
rul of animation, his Winchester poised like
a lance as he listened.

"Dat's Rover's be exclaimed. Rover's got."

ly straightened up in his saddle, his black face a lance as he listened.

""Dat's Rover!" he exclaimed. 'Rover's got him! Listen!"

"Again and again the deep-voiced dog gave tongue in the brakes. A look of disappointment came over Holt's face. He relaxed almost into his former state of listlessness.

"It's only an ol' track he said, in disguet. 'Two days ol', dat track am! But dat dawg Rover he de mos' determinest dawg in all creation, he am, an' he won't nevah give up, sah!" At the first bay that came from the came the dogs that were with us instantly became excite. and leaped and whined and quivered, ereing Holt eagerly, waiting for the signal to take their places on the trail. But the time hadn't come yet, and they remained at the hee'. A few minutes passed after Holt's remark about the track being an old one, and then another musical bay came from the brakes, and it was repeated in quick succession, nervously. Again Holt became the animated ebony statue in his saddle.

"Ah!" he cried. 'That's Sally! Hark to'em, boys!' he shouted to the yeining hounds about him. 'Hark! Hark!

"That was the signal, and away dashed the pack into the areat cane thicket, which instantly swallowed them up as if they had never been. Holt ordered us to follow him. He started his horse at a rapid gait, and we followed over the dangerous ground two miles thought he dege of the cames. There we came to an opening between two beits of brakes. It was thickly grow, with enormous oaks.

"Dis am Deer Stand Ravine,' said Holt. 'If de dawgs fotch dat bah out, dey'll fotch him out right heah, san.'

"But they dien't fetch him out there, and after an hour or so came straggling in from the trail, Sally with them.

"Di'n I tell yo' dat Rover was de determinest dawe in all creation?' said Holt. 'He won't nevah give up, sah.'

"As we walked our horses slowly along, waiting for some further news from that 'de-

a lance as he listened.

adherents of all contestants appeared satisfied.
In addition to his financial prestration Gen. "Di'n I tell yo' dat Rover was de determinest daws in all creatien? said Holt. 'He won't nevah give up, sah.'

"As we walked our horses slowly along, waiting for some further news from that 'determinest dawg.' Holt regaled us with bear lore. Pointing to the scarred trunk of a tree from which the bark had been torn in strips as far un as twelve feet from the ground, he said:

"See dat? Know what dat means? Co'es yo' doar.' Dat's whah o'l Mass' Bah write he challenge. Dis way he de dat. He come 'long an see dat tree.' Ho,' he say. 'Reckon dah's bahs round hyuh dat tinks dey's some. I show 'tm.' Dan Mass' Bah he h'ist heas' up on he hind laigs an ritch up till he can't ritch no highah. Den ge gib a side bite wiv he big feef, an' snatch off a piece o' bahk. Den he git down an' walk off a bit, an' cock he eye up an' chuckle an' 'mish hees' case he dons dat so high an' slick. 'Dah,'' he say. ''When some o' dem ho 'count bahs dat scrooches' round hyuh comes 'long an' sees dat, mebbe der won't hussel 'way from hyuh.' Den, when dem little scroochin' bahs come 'long an' sees dat bahk chomped dat way, dey jes' pack up an' huat fo' 'huddah plantashon. But bimeby 'long comes 'nuddah Mass' Hah. He socker. He five hund'ed poundah, sah. He cock he eye up an' see de bark all chomped. 'Sho.'' he say. 'What fool bah ben tingn' hese' smaht 'round hyuh' I show him.'' Den de five hund'ed poundah he h'ist bese' up on he hind laigs, an' he ritch way up highah dan de uddah Mass' Bah, an' he don't les' chomp de bahk, but he gnash a hunk o' de wood out, jes' like dat u, yondah, an' den he sit'down an' walk off a bit. Den he cock he eye up, an' he go an' 'mish hese' f tremenjus, 'case he know dey ain't no bah kin do bettah dan dat, sah. Den he say, 'Dah. Whah dat fool bah what chomp de bahk' I jes' weesh he come 'long hyth some day. I tink mebbe he cleah de kentry.'' An' if dat fus' Mass' Bah he he happen to come 'long dat way ag'in an' see lat tree all gnashed way 'bove whah he chomp de bahk, he cleah de kentry, sah. Suah he do.'' 'He so Grant almost simultaneously received a physical disability by falling on the sidewalk while alighting from a cab. An obstinate injury to one leg caused him much pain, but as soon as he crutches, and his familiar figure was often seen Fifth avenue, or in Central Park, near his home In the fall of 1884, when the campaign was at its height, Mr. Blaine visited New York in prep aration for his memorable political tour. He stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and during his stay his rooms on the third floor, were thronged with visitors. One bright morning just before his departure there was an extraor dinarily large crowd present, consisting of some of the best known politicians of the Eastern and Middle States. Among theet was Stephen B. Elkins, now Senator from West Virginia, and then, as at present, a member of the Republican National Committee. It was known that many of the former adherents of Gen. Grant, as well as of the follow-

to sixty feet long, much of it fallen and lodged at all sorts of angles, among thorny vines that drop from the many hoary trees that dot the thicket, and you may have some idea of what takin' to de brakes' hieant. To make our way erect was out of the question. Canes refused to separate and left us pass. Vines tripped us and threw us headlong if we attempted it. So we crawled like the reptiles that live in it through this frightful mase, hampered by our rifles and ammunition, toward the spot where the yelloing of the dogs told us the bear was treed. Holt, used to threading the tangles of the brake, kept well ahead of us, and kept urging us on.

the brake, kept well ahead of us, and kept urging us on.

"Come on, gemmen! Come on! he cried.

'He am low on de tree, de bah am! Doan yo' heah Rover talkin right in he face? Hurry un, cemmen! He likely to come down soon he heahs us! Hurry un, gemmen!

"At last, after what seemed ages of effort, and when I felt that I had come to the drawing of my last breath, we reached the spot. We were bleeding like stuck nigs. Thirty yards ahead of us, in a dense tangle of orne, a tall cypress tree rose out of the thicket.

"Doan yo' see him?" Holt whispered to me. Thoan yo' see dat bah!"

"A solemn black face, looking surprisingly."

"A solemn black face, looking surprisingly

"A solemn black face, looking surprisingly large, and with amazed inquiry plainly expressed upon it, was peering around the trunk of the cypress, but mimediately disappeared. The next lastant the hugs body of the bear swung nimbly in sight, and dropped down the tree trunk. The sight of the huge creature in the air, so to speak, nerved me in spite of my exhaustion, and I had my rifle at my shoulder and fired twice at him before he struck the ground. He had no sooner landed than the entire pack of dogs was upon him. Such a babel of yelps and snarls and howle and groans and enapping of laws I never heard before. The bear fought with such vigor against the lost of his foes that If feared that my should had missed him. He fought, and retreated as he fought, and dragged the pack of furious dogs more than a hundred feet through the matted canes, and then fell dead. My first bullet had passed diagonally clear through his body. My second had crashed through his body. My second had crashed through his body. The bear was a young male, and a splendid specimen, weighing 200 bounds dressed. "It was not until Holt had hade his way through the brake back to where we had left the horses and arought one in to load the bear on that I realized how long we had been fighting our way into that soot. It was more than three hours before Holt returned.

"An I didn't waste one leedle minute, sah!" he said. "Not the teeness little minute, sah!" "That bear hunt had taken us twelve miles."

ers of Mr. Conkling, were not friendly to Mr. Blaine personally or cordial in support of his Grant's individual predilections as between President Arthur and Mr. Biaine was a question of doubt, as well as a subject of consider. able concern. Every one recalled the service he rendered the party in the Garfield campaign of 1880. The inquiry as to how he stood in relation to Mr. Blaine was heard constantly. "Hot had scarcely finished this chapter in bear lore when he dismounted quickly, and looked about him among the dead leaves.
"Ah, he exclaimed. Now, if we had Rover riv de pack, we staht a bah mighty soon." "He sounded his horn long and loud to call the 'determinest dawg' in, but Rover did not come. While he was thus engaged I noticed Sallie sidling away along the edge of the came brake in a carcless, indifferent manner, and although Hoit, seeing her, shouted to her to come back, she sprang into the brakes and disappeared. She hadn't been out of sight three minutes when she began to give tongue, in quick succession, and with no uncertain sound. The rest of the dogs rushed into the thicket, and the next instant the crash, slaan, crack, snap among the canes brought the news that bruin was routed out and was moving away from his pursuers as fast as the obstructing canes would let him go. The commotion in the brakes indicated plainly that the bear was heading toward the forest where we were. Holt ordered us to get down from our horses and to run along the edge of the canes, so that we could get a shot at bruin when he tumbied out of the brakes. But he winded or heard us, and turned back into the canes, "Mountyo' hosses and follow,' shouted Holt. "We mounted our horses easily enough, but to follow Holt was quite another matter. Away he went through the tangle of that forest, his horse on a dead run. My companion and I followed—or rather, our horses followed with us. Just exactly how we got through that two-mile ride among globeting vines and sweeping. Inwestowing branches and slashes of all sorts, and so was my frond. But we got through that two-mile ride among globeting vines and sorts, and so hear Holt shout:

"He wild ride began again, but did not last long, for it brought up square against the face of the gleat cane brake." "Dah ain't no use talkin', gemmen, said Holt. "We got to take to de brakes." "The wild ride began arain, but did not last long, for it brought up square against the face of the gleat cane bra

On the morning referred to this very question was being discussed in private conversation among the gentlemen assembled in Mr. Blaine's

. BLAINE OFFENDED GRANT.

He Did Not Return the General's Call to

The name of Gen. Grant as a candidate for

he Presidency was not presented before the

Republican National Convention of 1884.

though every reference on that occasion to the

old soldier was received with prolonged ap-

plause. At that period he was undergoing deep

affliction. Among the shadows surrounding him as the result of the failure of the Wall

street firm of Grant & Ward, appeared the con-

stant light of confidence on the part of the peo ple in the integrity of the late President, as well

ticket were Mr. Blaine and President Arthur.

though one element in the party, led by the late

George William Curtis, brought forward the

Many representatives of the Grant element

were among the Arthur faction, but when the

convention adjourned after selecting Senator

John A. Logan as Mr. Blaine's running mate the

name of Senator Edwards of Vermont.

as of the members of his family.

In order to take a train for his home, shaking hands with several persons near the door as he passed out.

The place on a sofa near the door, made vacant by the departure of the Philadelphian, was promptly taken by a newspaper man who snioyed the privileges of the room, and who had been delegated by Mr. Elkins to act as door-keeper on that occasion. While he sat conversing with his neighbor on the sofa, he heard a gentle knock. Quickly rising and opening the door he was startled on beholding the grim face of Gen. Grant, who stood in the hall upon his crutches by the side of the Philadelphian.

"Why, Gen. Grant," he exclaimed, as the old chieftain extended his hand in recognition.

Then the Philadelphian said softly: "I met Gen. Grant on Twenty-third street just as I was passing out of the hotel, and when I told him Mr. Blaine was here he said he would like to call upon him. Will you please tell Mr. Blaine that the Generalis here?"

The young man gently pushed the door far enough toward the latch to conceal Gen. Grant from the view of the group within the apartment, and hastily making his way through the crowd to the front window at which Mr. Blaine and Mr. Elkins were engaged in conversation, he leaned over the shoulder of Mr. Blaine and whispered:

"Excuse me, Mr. Blaine, Gen. Grant is at the

from the view of the group within the apartment, and hastily making his way through the crowd to the front window at which Mr. Blaine and Mr. Elkins were engaged in conversation, he leaned over the shoulder of Mr. Blaine and whispered:

"Excuse me, Mr. Blaine, Gen. Grant is at the door and wishes to see you."

In a second Mr. Blaine was on his feet blowing his way through the crowd, while Mr. Elkins, who had not understood clearly the nature of the announcement, also arose and remained standing in a mystified way.

Mr. Blaine himself opened the door and extending both hands exclaimed:

"Good morning, Gen. Grant. I am delighted to see you."

As the General hobbled in escorted by Mr. Blaine, who waiked backwards, and the familiar face, saddened somewhat by the shadows of his misfurtunes, was recognized, a great shout arose from the assembled group. The scepe, by reason of its simplicity together with the sentiment underlying the incident, was both thrilling and pathetic. Gen. Grant had declined to go up on the elevator, preferring to ascend the stairs quietly and unobserved. He seemed tired, and dropping into an arm chair near the door he remained seated there, meanwhile shaking hands cordinly with those presented to him by Mr. Blaine and Mr. Elkins. After about half an hour he arose, bade every one good-bye and piacing his crutches under his arms hobbled out into the hall and down the stairs to the street. Of course the fact of this visit was widely heraided berause of the friendly solrit thus evinced by the ex-President toward Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine and down the stairs to the street. Of course the fact of this visit was widely heraided berause of the friendly solrit has evinced by the ex-President toward Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine made a evening call unon the former at their home. Their reception was eleasant, but not demonstrative, and when the four were seated in the drawing room conversation seemed to larg. The ladies as the place of the words would come from the soft, and then a few words would come from the

WHAT IS GENIUS?

MR. ANDREW LANG DISAGREES

WITH DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Genius, Says Mr. Lang, is a Capacity for Boing Things Without Taking Pales-Calculating Boys and Poets and Novel-ists-The Peculiar Gentus of Children. Reprinted by Kind Permission of the North American Review. Copyright, 1852, Dr. Johnson defined genius as "an infinite

capacity for taking pains." He remarked, "I am persuaded that had Sir Issac Newton applied himself to poetry he would have made a very fine epic poem." In short, the Doc-tor's opinion was that a man, by accident, is born with more mind, with a more powerful mind, than other people, and that the direction of this power, to poetry, war, law, mathematics, politics, is quite an affair of chance. But the power must be "applied with diligence." Now, in my opinion, Dr. Johnson was wrong,

from camp, and it was long after dark when we got back.

"Next day we started another bear, and had a chase after it much the same as the one of the day before, until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then we were re-enforced by Planter Bradler, his eight dogs, and his brother. The bear was soon overhauled by the pack in the dense canes along Brown's Bayou. They had a running fight with bruin for more than an hour, and although they were never more than 100 yards distant from us on the edge of the canes, we could neither see nor set to them. We only knew the fight was going on by the crashing and smashing in the canes, and the savage cries of both bear and degs. At last, when it was growing dark, the bear made a dash for the opening, and came out near Holt, who put a bullet into him. Instantly the dogs were upon him sagin, and above the pandemonium of noises that same from the struggling mass of dogs and bear Holt could be heard yelling:

"Hold 'im, boys, Down wiv 'im, you Ball, At 'im, Damm. Good dawg, Billy, Hold 'im! Hold dat ban'. They fought their way back into the briers and thorns and canes. The horse I rode was Holt's favorite bear horse, Charlev, His blood was up, and I couldn't bave held him back if I had wanted to. He dashed with me into the taugled thicket, jurr bing one that I could scarcely have climbed over, and took me right into the thickest of the fray. The bear had at last been brought to bay. He stood erect, with his back avainst a blg log, the tail canes forming an arbor over him, with a big opening in front. He was surrounded by twenty dogs. He was making his last stand. I leaped from my horse, in full view of hm, and ran toward him. He didn't mind me. The dogs were so thick about him that I could not shoot, as the obance were I would kill a dog. When the pack became aware of my presence they took on renewed courage, and made one grand?rush uson bruin. The big bear actually disappeared from sight beneath the avalanche of dogs, but only for a moment. One anay of his ponderous jaws and Holt's eld and I would rather define Genius as "an unmeasured capacity for doing things, without taking pains." Moreover, I fancy that, as a rule, the child of genius is born to do but one set of things in this excellent easy way, though there, are exceptions, as in Napoleon's case. there, are exceptions, as in Napoleon's case.

Let us take arithmetic, the science of numbers. Dr. Johnson said, "We may instance the science of numbers, which all minds are equally capable of attaining." "Mathematics are a science to which the meanest intellects are equal." "Yet we find a pro-

digious difference in the powers of different men, in that respect, after they are grown up, because their minds have been more or less

Now, surely, both schoolboys and teachers will here disagree with the Doctor. In the power of learning arithmetic there are prodigous natural differences from the very first. I myself-this does not illustrate genius! could not be taught arithmetic at all beyond the, simplest rules, and algebra not at all. As to mathematics, Macaulay was absolutely incapable of learning them; so, too, I think, was Sir William Hamilton, the philosopher, Meanwhile, many boys, otherwise stupid, are

fair, or even good, mathematicians.

But the great argument against the Doctor is furnished by calculating boys. About a score of these prodigles are known in history. At a very early age, say five or six, they have been able to do in a moment, and correctly, calculations which, with pencil and paper, would occupy mathematicians for a long time. A German schoolmaster once set his class a sum which he expected would suffice for an hour's work. One boy scrawled a line of figures on his slate and threw it down. "There it lies." said he, and his answer was right. Where was the taking of infinite pains?

In this case genius was a capacity for do-ing things without taking pains at all. As a rule, these calculators have been unable to explain how they did the sums. The answers flashed on them; they saw the answers at glance; they did not know how. Out of about a score of such boys two or

three have been almost idiots at everything but calculation. This, of course, again proves the Doctor to be wrong. These boys had not large quantities of mind in general, of mind fit for all purposes; they only had arithmeti-cal genius, without taking pains. Two or three of these lads, again, turned out

great philosophers, or great practical men.

Two or three of these lads, again, turned out.

The rest were on the common level. The strangest was Archbishop Whateley. As a small boy he was a miracle at counting. At about twelve years of age he lost the knack, and, though a very clever man, became almost a dunce in arithmetic; certainly, at least, no better than his neighbors.

Thus Dr. Johnsen's chosen example, of genius as applied to numbers, is found to contue his opinion. If any reader of this happens to be, or to know, a calculating miracle of a child, may I implore him to study the case, and esuccially to observe whether the child is left-handed, or can make equally good use of both hands?

The most extraordinary genius would be that which could do anything equally well without taking pains. Of this class the standing example is Joan of Arc. A peasant girl of seventeen, she understood the politics of her day as nobody else understood them. In war, whether for gallantry and resolution as a leader, for skill in artillery practice, for science in milliary combinations, or for Naboleon-like suddenness in surprises, she excelled all Cantains of her time. She was an accomplished rider who had never learned to ride. When questioned by theologians, she answered with such mastery that they were intellectually nowerless in her presence.

Yet she was an untaught peasant child, who answered with such mastery that they were intellectually powerless in her presence. Yet she was an untaught peasant child, who could not read nor write. Here, then, was genius, but the only pains she took were pains to make other people carry out her ideas. In this instance genius conspicuously borders on the miraculous. Indeed, genius always does border on the miraculous. It is intellect and power so different in degree intellect and power so differe from that of other people that it seems to dif-fer in kind, and to be a sort of "inspiration," or, ar we say, "intuition."

Now, the word "intuition" means "seeing," and it will be found that persons of genius do

Now, the word "intuition" means "seeing." and it will be found that persons of genius do see in their mind's eye—see unwritten rows of numbers, hidden pieces on a chess board, the positions of absent armies, the unknown consequences of events, the offects of natural forces, as of steam in a kettle, with a clearness unfamiliar to the general body of mankind. This curious sift of mental, or inner, vision is certainly more common in chidren than in grown-up people. The creations of their own fancies are more vividly present to little boys and girls than to grown-up people. So far, aimost all children are children of genius, and a man of genius is often what he is because he has retained this gift of child-hood.

he is because he has retained this gift of child-hood.

How often children, not destined to be famous, amaze us by wisdom beyond their years!

'Out of the mouths of babes' comes a word which the child's own experience, we think, could never have taught him. Has he inherited this genius, as birds inherit, without knowing it, the art of neat building? Or is it that his eyes are not yet blinded by the dust and smoke of the world?

Next to genius for arithmetic, genius for music is probably the most developed and most surprising in childhood. 'He lisps in numbers.' like Pope, because there really is a connection between numbers and music. If we turn to poetry, it becomes far more difficult to recognize early genius. Thousands of boys who will never be poets. Now, the rhymes of the boys who were destined to be poots have usually been no better than the rhymes of boys who were destined to fall back on prose.

The young Mozart was, from the age of four

on prose.

The young Mozart was, from the age of four, undentably a born musician. The young Milais or Leonardo or Landseer or West was, from early boyhood, undentably a born painter. But the boyish poems of Scott, Keats, Byron, Sheller, Coleridge, and Tennyson were not a whit better, and were often a good deal worse, than those of boys who were not to be poets at all.

all "dafties" in boyhood, but all "dafties" do not become great men.
Coleridge was a "dafty," "I took no pleasure in boylsh sports, but read incessantly." The other boys drove him from among them. He was always a dreamer, and saw so many ghosts that he did not believe in them. "Before I was eight years old I was a character." he says—and not an agreeable character! He was vain, lasy, he dreamed, and he despised everybody. He ran away from home and stayed out all night in the rain. His son, Hartley, was the same child over again, and a metaphysisal pillosopher from his cradle.

In most of these cases, in addition to mooning, solitary ways, and moody tempers, there was conspicuous intellect in the young genius. He could read early, and, as it were, untaught, and he did read a great deal. Scott, Hyron, Keats, were also athletes and very fand of bexing, of sport, and or games, Byron bowling at cricket for Harrow. These geniuses were not such "dattles" as their rivals.

For my part, genius or no genius, I do hate aboy who "shuns boyish sports," as you so often read in blographies. But, on a general survey of genius in childhood, I think that we ought to try to put up with it, and not buily it at school, "at least as far as we are able."

If the genius is a born artist, he is likely to be popular for drawing dors, horses, and the schoolmaster. If he is going to be a poet—why, one rather pities him, in his schooldays, A Scott, a Keats, may make himself respected at school by a genial resiliness to fight all challensers, to take part in every dangerous diversion. A Cowper or a Shelley should probably not be sent to school at all, and genius rarely passes through the university without what Coleridge calls "a row."

These teroubles and sorrows come, because, whatever else genius may be, it is certainly a thing apart, self-centred, and ill to govern. A genius "varies from the kindly race of men." hence the tendency, even in childhood, it o a love of solitary places, that passion so marked in Wordsworth from his boyhood.

tion. Following the Doctor, parents will endeavor to make a boy with a genius for literature tage to law or to civil engineering. The effort was made with Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and, of course, failed.

Mr. Stevenson was the only genius whom I ever knew moderately well: in my boyhood I did not know him. But he has described, in his own case, the day and night dreams, the love of lonely wanderings, the ungovernableness, the dislike of boyish sports, and the other symptoms of genius in the bud. The character was there: the boyish performances were not remarkable. You cannot recognize literary genius, in boyhood, "by results." Musical, mathematical, mechanical, and artistic excellence are, for some reason, much more easily recognized, almost from the first.

Perhaps these remarks may console parents of ionely, dreamy, moody, ungovernable sons. Perhaps these remarks may console parents of ionely, dreamy, moody, ungovernable sons. Perhaps they may modify the contempt of sac onlowys for "dafties." Don't builly such lasts; don't thwart them needless!y. They may be children of promise, though the odds, unluckly, are against any future performance.

At all events, do not drive them too hard

ance.
At all events, do not drive them too hard into uncongenial industries. An instinct wiser than experience may be guiding them into the way appointed. They must and will go their own way. Still, had I a son, who displayed, like Mr. D. D. Home, a genius for being a medium, I certainly should thwart him to the full extent of the resources of civilization."

THE WAYFARERS' LODGE

An Institution Where Men Get Food and Shelter in Return for Work, In the office of the Wayfarers' Lodge, which s maintained by the Charity Organization

ociety to provide food and shelter for homeless men who are willing to work in return, is a safe a modern safe of goodly proportions and with "Wayfarers' Lodge" painted on the door, just as the name of the hotel may be seen painted on the front of a safe standing in any notel office. At first thought a safe in the office of a lodging house for homeless men might seem like a surplusage. One would scarcely expect homeless men to have anything to put into it; but as a matter of fact, the safe is a necessary article of office furniture. The books of the establishnent are kept in it, and its money, of which it always has some, for it disburses more or lear noney daily; and the lodgers put into it such valuables as they possess. Some of the men have watches. Sometimes a man leaves a passport at the office for safe keeping. Old soldiers passing through the city on the way to a soldiers they leave their discharge papers and trans-portation orders in the safe. And so the safe is in constant use, and the things that the lodgers put into the office rafes of hotels, whose guests pay for their accommodation in money instead of by sawing wood, are to their owners The Wayfarers' Lodge is at 516 West Twenty-

eighth street; it is a four-story building con-structed chiefly of brick and steel, with an office Since then it has supplied about 70,000 meals and about 25,000 indigings, to homeless men, in return for a reasonable amount of work in the woodyard. The standard measure of work required is the sawing of an eighth of a cord of wood. For this the lodge gives supper and breakfast and lodging and a bath. The bath is compulsory. At each meal every man gets all he wants to eat absolutely without question.

The Charity Organization Society sells for \$1 abook of tent tickets, each ticket entitling the bearer to two meals, a bath, and a night's lodging, if he is willing to do the work required. These tickets are given by the purchaser to applicants for relief. The society sells also, at twe for \$1, tickets for men with homes, each ticket entitling the bearer to carn 50 cents in the woodyard. These tickets are intended to be given to men with families who are out of work. These men come to the yard, do the work required, get the money for it, and go away. A dozen men seen there at work sawing and splitting wood and carning the money called for by these tickets were evidently respectable and self-respecting men.

The homeless man who brings a ticket calling for food and lodging in return for work is registered at the office of the lodge and there is handed to him a ticket which he leaves at the office when he goes away. If he arrives in the afternoon it may be that he does the work he is called upon to do before supper; if he arrives late, he does the work in the monning. If he is not able to saw wood, or prefers not to saw, he is seet to splitting wood. If that work is too hard for him, he is set at work cleaning up about the yard, or some work is given to him to do in the house; if he is able to work he is required to do something; as the circular issued by the lodge puts it, he is entitled to the accommodations called for in the ticket. "If, in return, he is willing to do the work required as a tent of his industry."

Say, for illustration, a man has come in the afternoon. He takes his ticket that he gets in the offi

Shelley, Coleridar, and Tenayana were not a whit better, and were often a good deal worse, whit better, and were often a good deal worse, and the state of the st

A REIEROPHEMIST'S FATAL WORK. The Injury It Worked to the Finan

From the Chicago Times-Herald,
The Southern Confederacy was only a few nonths old when a financial agent was sent to England on a very important mission. Mr. Blank was a politician and a banker. He was also an elegant gentleman, with many influential acquaintances on both sides of the water. If Mr. Blank had been less ambitious it might have been better for him and for the Confederacy. But he believed that he was a born diplo mat, and was anxious to distinguish himself. Before leaving Richmond he had a long talk with Memminger, the Secretary of the Treasury

ade runner. It will be a very brief message, but you will understand it, while it will mean nothng to the enemy if it should be intercepted." The confidential agent slipped through the lines, and in less than a month was comfortably established in London. In the metropolis be ound many Southerners and many prominent Englishmen who sympathized with the secesionists. He saw Mr. Yancey, the Confederate Minister, every day, and the two worked together in harmony. Mr. Yancey was a practical man, and was not long in coming to the conclusion that

ernment. When he found that the factories were changing their machinery to suit the India cotton, and that the acreage of the staple had seen greatly increased in that country, he gave

been greatly increased in that country, he gave up all hope.

"The abolition sentiment controls here," he said to Mr. Blank. "Some of the statesmen would like to help the South in order to break up the Union, but the people will never consent. The South will have to fight alone."

Blank felt pretty blue when he beard this, and that night he wrote the single word "Successful" on a thin alip of paper, and skilfully secreted it in an ordinary cost button. The next day he was visited by a Southern friend, who remained with him for an hour or more. During his stay he removed the top button from his coat and sewed on one given by Mr. Blank. "I understand it all," he said when he left. "If get safely to Wilmington I will go at once to Richmond and give this button to Mr. Memminger. I prefer not to know the nature of the message, as you say that it explains itself."

"Yes," replied Blank, "it will be understood by the Srecetary, and as it refers to a State secret I cannot say anything about it."

The two shook hands, and the gentleman with the precious button took the next train for Liverpool, where he boarded a steamer bound for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination with-

for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination without any serious mishap. In the course of two or three days the mysterious traveller called on Mr. Memminger in Richmond and presented him with a button. The Secretary out off its covering in a hurry and smiled when he read the word "Successful,"

"Did Mr. Blank show this message to you?" he saked.

he asked.
"No. We both thought it best that I should "No. We both thought it best that I should remain in ignorance, so that no tell-tale expression of my face would betray anything if the

remain in ignorance, so that no tell-tale expression of my face would betray anything if the enemy captured me."

The Secretary asked other questions, but his caller was a plain business man, who knew nothing of Cabinet secrets, and could throw no light upon the situation.

At a meeting of the Cabinet that afternoon Mr. Memminger was in high spirits. He predicted that the war would be over in ninety days, and said that England was preparing to recognize the Confederacy and send over her warships to break the blockade.

"I have this," he said, "from my confidential agent, Mr. Hlank."

The name commanded respect, and when the Secretary said that under the circumstances a loan of \$15,000,000 negotiated in Europe would be sufficient everybody agreed with him. The weeks rolled on and Erlanger in Paris advertised for bids for \$15,000,000 in Confederate bonds. Mr. Blank read this at his London hotel and dropped his saper in his agitation.

"Well, I'll be d-d!" he remarked. "Must be a mistake. I'll run over and see about ft."

The next day he was at Erlanger's office in Paris. The French banker informed his visitor that there was no mistake, and then Blank swore vigorously. The bids runhed in from all quarters. If the demands of these speculators had been met. \$500,000,000 in Confederate bonds could have been sold. When this fact became known Mr. Blank again relapsed into profanity.

He could not stand it, and despite the danger of the trip, he made his arrangements to return home. His interview with Memminger was a stormy one when he arrived at Richmond.

"I intended to write 'Unsuccessful'" he said, after a long talk.

"Well, there is your message," replied the

"I intended to write "Unsuccessful." He said, after a long talk.
"Well, there is your message," replied the secretary. "You wrote 'Successful."
I don't understand it," said Mr. Blank, sadly. "Surely your advices from Mr. Yancey should have warned you that there was something wrong."
"His despatches were intercepted," answered the other.

se guests
y instead
i' 'Bis despatches were intercepted,'' answered
the other.
'' I don't understand it,'' repeated Mr. Blank.
'' Perhaps I do,'' quietly remarked the Secretary.
'' I have carefully noted your talk this
morning, and I have discovered that you are a
heterophemist. For instance, you say London
when you mean Holmond and Richmond when
you mean Holmon. You similarly misuse the
names of other places and persons and are unconscious of it. When you sent are that measage the word 'unsuccessful' was in your mind,
but being a heterophemist, you wrote an opposite word and ruined the Confederacy.''
'' I may have made a mistake, sir,'' said Mr.
Bank, rising from his chair, 'but I am neither
a lunatic nor an idiot. I have the honor to bid
you good morning.'
'Mr. Memmininger bowed stiffly and Mr. Blank
this comrete ali he
'' Mr. Memmininger bowed stiffly and Mr. Blank
Heterophemy is a fatal thing in diplomacy.

French Charity That Is Saving the Lives

of Prematurely Born Children.

A physician of Nice, France, thinks he has olved the problem of checking the great mortality among prematurely born infants. He is Alexandre Lion, and, according to the Chicago Chronicle, he has worked wonders for the weaklings of his native land with his baby incubator, which he has put into practical use in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and other cities.

His Paris incubator in located at 26 Boulevard Poissonière and is filled with chubby-faced youngsters, still under the normal weight, but rapidly approaching it. Over the door is the sign "The Baby Incubator Charity." An admittance fee of 50 centimes is asked of all visitors. The money goes to the support of the bables. Within the past year more than 50,000 men and women have visited this novel charity. Each baby rests in a separate incubator. Each incubator rests upon an iron frame and consists of a glass case. Inside is a finely woven wire spring suspended from the sides. A soft mattrees is placed on this, and there the baby

of a glass case. Inside is a finely woven wire spring suspended from the sides. A soft mattrees is placed on this, and there the baby rests. Below the spring is a spiral pipe through which a current of warm water continually runs. The water is heated by a lamp placed under a cylindrical boiler at the right hand side. Warm air is thus made to circulate all around the occupant, a thermometer in the corner showing the exact temperature. An automatic device regulates the temperature according to special needs.

"The ventilation," says Dr. Lion," is effected by a specially formed pipe, which carries into the lower part of the incubator a jet of purified and filtered air. After its course through the incubator it goes out through a pipe at the top, and a little fan indicates by its rotation the force of the current. It is necessary that the air should be constantly circulating, and the temperature inside the contents should be carefully regulated."

The incubators are placed in a row against the wail and nurses stand ready to fly to their charges at the slightest cry. Just back of the incubators is a glass-windowed apartment known as the baby's dining room. This is a most necessary provision, since the aim in life of the limmates seems to be to drink milk. This room is provided with mattresses, powder boxes and paided tables, as well as scales, weights and bottles. Pure, wholesome mother's milk, and rilently the nurses feed them drop by drop through the nose by means of a long curtously shaped spoon. This method is rarely necessary for more than two or three weeks.

Every morning before breakfast baby is weighed. A new baby at birth should weigh to tween six and seven mounds, but mans reared by Dr. Lion, "it is absolutely necessary that the baby be placed in the incubator immediately, from hereditary disease and weighs not less than two or three weeks.

Every morning before breakfast baby is weighed. A new baby at birth should weigh tower six and seven mounds, but mans reared by Dr. Lion, "it is absolutely necessary

HE SLEPT HALF THE YEAR.

DEATH OF JACK TEIPER, NOVA SCOTIA'S FAMOUS CATALEPTIC

He Reached the Age of Seventy, Although He Had Siept All Winter for Twenty Years-Ineffectual Efforts of Doctors to Master His Case and Keep Him Awake, John Telfer, who died at Moschelle, Annapoile, Nova Scotia, last week, at the age of 70 years, was, perhaps, the most notable instance of a hibernating human being of which there is any record. For the last twenty years of his life he had passed the winters in almost contin-nous sleep, and for fully fifteen years no effort was made by his family to prevent him relays. "If I find that England will aid us," he said, ing into his annual stupor, his case having been 'I will send you word by some reliable blockabandoned as hopeless. Many physicians had tried their band with Teifer, and one after the other gave him up. The public cur(osity which the case attracted at first died away after two or three years, and Telfer's neighbors paid as little attention to his doings latterly as they

> recorded the fact briefly, and only one gave any secount of the strange man's history Telfer's people were English. His farter had served in the British army, of which he was pencioner. The only evidence of heredity in the sleeper's mental peculiarity is the fact that his father, the old soldler, committed suicide. The elder Telfer was a cobbler, and before he killed

> would to any person in his humble station.
> When he died the new-papers of the vicinity

sleeper's mental peculiarity is the fact that his father, the old soldier, committed snieide. The elder Telfer was a cobbier, and hefore he killed himself the son had begun to act strangely. He would sit for hours at his father's beach, laughing and talking to himself. At times he would break into immoderate fits of laugnter, and again in fighting limaginary foes he would work himself into a frenzy of rage.

Before his first entire winter's sleep Telfer had passed through trance-like attacks of several days' duration, and those who knew him were thus in a measure prepared for it. But the case attracted widespread interest among scientific men, many of whom went long distances to see for themselves and make a study of it. None of them ever had any great success in attempts at effecting a cure, although the catalogue of known treatments for catalenties seems to have been exhausted, and in some cases the remedies adopted were of so herold a nature as to be decidedly disagreeable, at least to the members of Telfer's family if not to the unfortunate sleeper himself.

About the end of August Telfer would go to bed after eating his evening meal as usual and without exhibiting anything out of the common in his manner, or giving any reason for supposition that he was out of sorts in any way. On the following morning he would not get up, nor would he show any more vitality than a sleeping man. His sleep was very quiet, without any section. Twice in every twenty-four hours he would be taken up, a person supporting him on each side. About 10 colock every night he seemed to show rather more life than at other times, and advantage was taken of this to put a little thin oatmeal gruel, beef tea, or soup down his throat, he opening his lips to allow the attendants to do so and slowly availowing it. He took a very little each time, and if urged to take more simply kept his mouth shut. About once in every thirty days, during the evening generally, he would get up, but soon would return to bed.

One of the physicians who had tried

of Telfer's hands and bound closely to the interwith wet bandages. We put on the full power of the instrument.

"Poor old Jack was out of bed in an instact, and I shall never forget his look of astonishment and horror as he relied out 'Damnation, what's that I can also well remember my own feeeling of satisfaction and complacency when the natives congratulated me on my success in this, my first case. I walked off as if saying to myself: 'I knew I could do in.' Well, Jack remained awake about three days, and then I got a message that my patient was off again. I went up and tried the battery a second time with only the effect, however, of making him oren his eyes and grunt out 'Eh,' in a querilous manner, and, after looking about him for a half hour or so, he lapsed into his former condition. Next day I tried the battery, but without the slightest effect, so I gave it up as a hard case."

Telfer's sleep usually lasted from September to May. During the summer months he did exactly the work he was told to do, but he had to be told over again every day, although the work was the same day in and day out. The only thing he did without being told was to get his meals. He would talk quite rationally when spoken to, and distinctly recalled most of the only thing he did without being told was to get his meals. He would talk quite rationally when spoken to, and distinctly recalled most of the incidents of his childhood. He would hold animated confab, however, with the cows, days, trees, or any other object which happened to be in his way, and might be seen at times lecturing a tree for hours together, breaking out occasionally into uproarious fite of laughter.

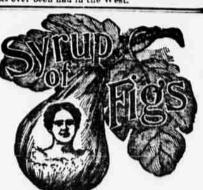
WOLVES IN YELLOWSIONE PARK, They Are Numerous and Fleree and Are

Livingston, Mon., Jan. 6 .- There is only one hunters are not prosecuted simply because they are as closely under the protection of the Government as the rarest of the wild creatures of

are as closely under the protection of the Government as the rarest of the wild creatures of the park. The big park is infested with wolves and coyotes in larger numbers than ever before, and they are said to be slaughtering the game animals of the park. Elk and deer have left lies great game preserve and sought refuge in the vicinity of Chanabar, Gardiner, and Horr, their natural fear of man being overcome by their greater fear of the hungry beasts.

The wolves will not venture very near human habitations, but deer antelopes, elk, and other game are taking their chances with men rather than with wolves, and the country for from twelve to fifteen miles north from the park thought the company of the least experienced hunters can secure fresh venison at any time.

Wolves come under the same regulations against the killing of animals in the park that other animals do, and while there has been a little killing going on along the borders for some time, and several hundred have been killed and paid for by the State at the rate of \$3 apiece, they breed so fast that no impression is made on their numbers. Some families live well on the bountles who would otherwise have to depend on actual labor; but as for the wolves, they stay. Capt. Anderson, the military autocrat of the park, will soon be appealed to to permit a grand wolf drive in its borders. If some way can be devised to guard the game animals this may be done, and general invitations may be issued to all who can come to take part in what ought to be the greatest wolf hunt that has ever been had in the West.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant effortsrightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skilful physicians, but if in need of a haxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informal events. the well-informed everywhere. Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.